The Bystander, August 15, 1917.—No. 715. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER

THE EARTH ABOUT TO WASH A BLOT OFF ITS FACE

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Ireland's Prize Kilkenny Bull

EVERY successive election in Ireland confirms the hopes of those who long for a real solution of the Irish question. The Irish question has really, of course, never had anything to do with the good government of Ireland. Its importance has only consisted in the fact that the Irish Nationalist party for so many years held the balance of power between the two big political parties in the House of Commons, and, therefore, had to be conciliated by both in turn if they wanted to stay in power. Now, the Sinn Feiners show unmistakably that they can win every seat in Ireland outside Unionist Ulster. But, further, they say that the members they elect will not attend the House, as it is the symbol of an alien Power. Well, the trouble solves itself, doesn't it?

THE THREE R'S

Professor Lloyd George's new lessons for the Huns

Jam Satis-factory

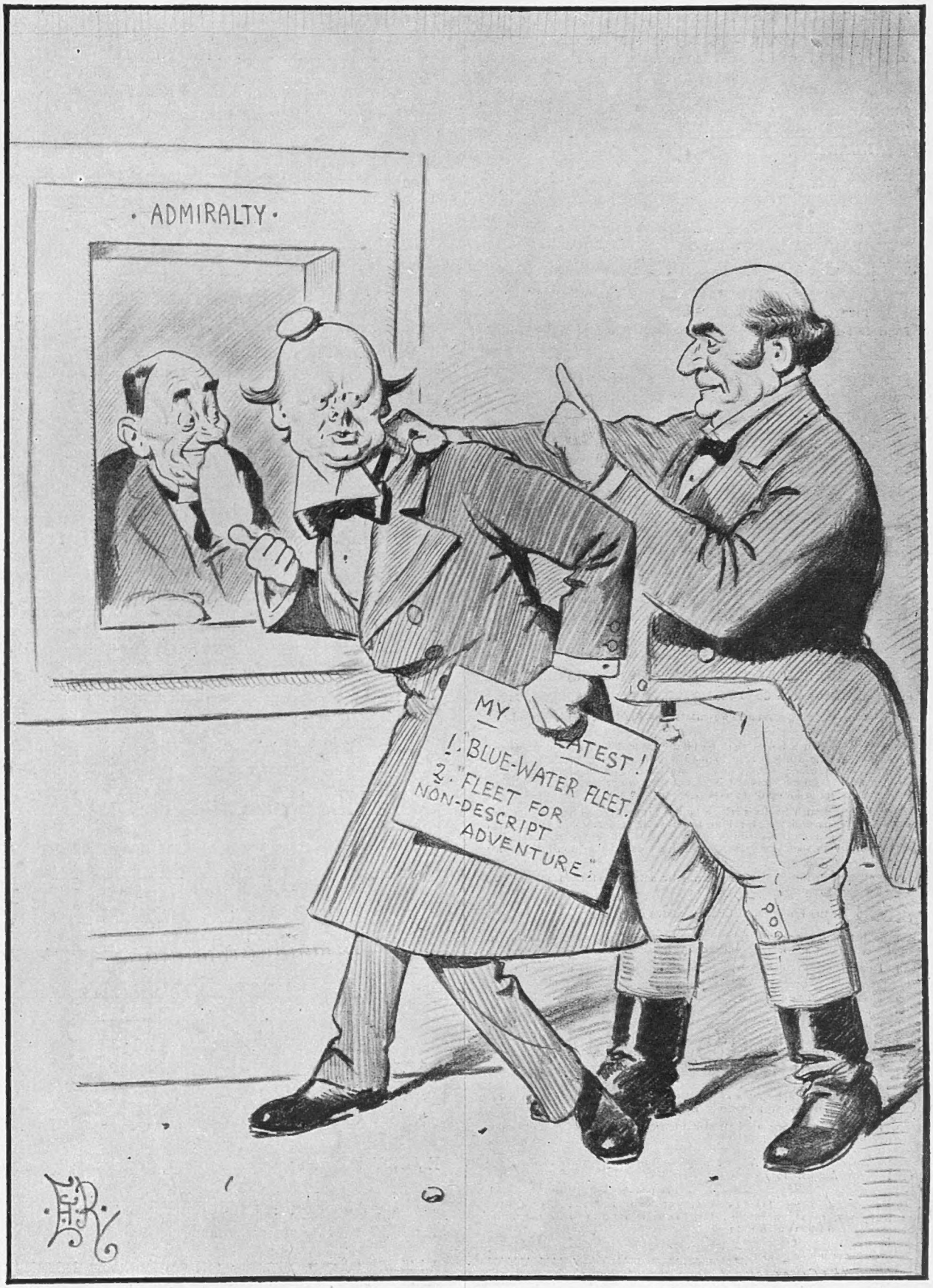
IT is a pleasure as rare and refreshing as Mr. Lloyd George's fruit to be able to say a good word for a Government Department. But the Ministry of Food really does deserve one for the way in which it managed its distribution of sugar for the home jam; and all the more so since it is being freely reviled in some quarters for the result of its efforts. The Ministry got hold of 11,000 tons of white sugar from America for this special purpose, and through the newspapers (as being the quickest and best way of reaching the public) invited people who wanted sugar for preserving their home-grown fruit to apply for it by letter, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. The department acted on the sound principle of "first come first served," and dealt out their 11,000 tons to as many of their three-quarters of a million applicants as fulfilled the perfectly simple conditions and applied at once. When all the sugar was gone, no time was wasted in dealing with subsequent applications; and all the correspondence was at once destroyed, instead of being packed away uselessly into pigeon-holes. This was a thoroughly good piece of work; and the people who didn't enclose stamped and addressed envelopes, or waited two or three weeks before applying, have only their own carelessness or delay to thank for not getting what they wanted. I really begin to have hopes of Government Departments, at any rate of the newer kind. If this had been done by one of the old-established ones people who wanted sugar would still have been "filling up forms" after all the fruit had gone rotten.

An Epoch for Judaism

MANY Jews have already fought, and fought bravely, in the war; but they have fought as individuals, lost denominationally amongst men of other creeds. And they have fought, no doubt, in the armies of every one of the belligerent nations, allied or enemy. But now, so far as English

(Continued on page 293)

The "Legitimate Gambler"



JOHN BULL (to the "unsinkable" Winston): "Look here, young man! Just you get on with your own job!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
CHARLES HAWTREY, SWINBURNE BALLET, MELSA; ALFRED SUTRO'S "The Marriage . . . . will not take place"; The Abbey Theatre Dublin Company in "PARTITION," EVIE GREENE, ELVEN HEDGES. 'Phone: Gerrard 7541.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.
(The Revue starts at 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.)
"ZIG-ZAG!"
Production by Albert de Courville.
GEORGE ROBEY, Alec Fraser, Cicely Debenham, George Clarke, Daphne Pollard, Etc. 'Phone: Ger. 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, August 13.
NEIL KENYON, HARRY TATE, ERNIE LOTINGA & CO., FRED BARNES, MARIE LOFTUS, ERNEST HASTINGS, BETH TATE, GOLDA QUARTETTE, CHAS. WHITTLE, and Varieties.

DALY'S. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production, EVENINGS, at 8.
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, Kathleen Courtney, etc. Mats., Tues. & Sats., at 2.

GARRICK THEATRE. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30.
Albert de Courville's new successful Revue,
"SMILE!"
"There are three great successes in London—this is one."
'Phone: Gerrard 9513.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS
DEVELOPING or PRINTING.
The best possible got out of every negative and every print—every time. No waiting. Any size, 1/- for 12 exposures, 6d. for 6. Prints or Postcards, 1d. Cameras bought or exchanged. Martin, Photographers Chemist, S'hampton.

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.
EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT).
Principal Office: Nos. 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2

will pay to the legal personal representative of the bonâ-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket:

£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway-train, public omnibus, tramcar, or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticket (or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger;
Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder:

£1,000 for the loss of Two Limbs by actual separation at or above the wrist or ankle; or

£500 for the Loss of One Limb as above defined.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz:

1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.

2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.

3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.

4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket so signed, shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.

5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 13th day of August 1917, until midnight of Wednesday, the 22nd day of August 1917

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY LIMITED, ACT, 1890," except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Signature of holder.....

This Coupon does not insure against War Risks.

"BYSTANDER" SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

	United Kingdom.	Canada.	Elsewhere Abroad.
12 Months (52 Nos.) (and Christmas No.) ..	£1 15 0	£1 19 6	£2 2 0
6 " (26 Nos.) ..	£0 17 6	£1 0 0	£1 1 0
3 " (13 Nos.) ..	£0 9 0	£0 10 0	£0 10 6

Shorter periods *pro rata*

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

P & O and British India
Mail and Passenger Services.
Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.
TICKETS INTERCHANGEABLE. Return Tickets by P. & O. to Ports East of Suez, at a Fare and a Half, available for 24 Months.
MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA, NEW ZEALAND (via PANAMA CANAL).
Australian Tickets interchangeable by Orient Line.
For particulars of Sailings, apply P. & O. and BRITISH INDIA Passenger Dept., 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3; or 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C. 2, London.
BRITISH INDIA COMPANY.—For general information apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C. 2.

Will you help
THE CHURCH ARMY
to provide at once
ONE HUNDRED RECREATION TENTS
urgently demanded to keep pace with
THE GREAT ADVANCE?
Each costs £200. Equipment £100.
Maintenance £5 weekly.
Cheques should be crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

NOW OPEN
"THE BETTER 'OLE"
EXHIBITION
OF
BAIRNSFATHER'S
. . . ORIGINAL . . .
DRAWINGS AT
THE OXFORD THEATRE
Oxford Street, W.C.
EVERY DAY: 10.30 a.m. to 2 p.m. 5 p.m to 7 p.m.
ADMISSION THREEPENCE.
Including Entertainment Tax.
All Monies taken for admission to be paid without deduction to the British Red Cross Fund.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER," are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Jews are concerned, a great day dawns for them in the constitution of a Jewish regiment, to be composed solely of men of the ancient faith. It must be about a couple of thousand years since Jews fought shoulder to shoulder; but I have a notion, left over from long-ago school-days, that the Maccabees gave the Romans some of the stiffest fights that the world-conquerors of those days encountered anywhere. And, since blood will tell, and since the Jews have, racially, kept their blood purer than any nation in the world, we may have some confidence that the new regiment will be worthy of its insignia — the Shield of David and the Lion of Judah.

LIEUT.-COL. PATTERSON

Now organising the Jewish regiment, was the originator of the famous Zionist Refugee mule corps, which saw some hot fighting in Gallipoli; he is also the author of one of the most hair-raising travellers' tales ever published, "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo"

Mr. Gerard's Book

THE description by the late American Ambassador to Germany, Mr. Gerard, of his experiences in Berlin during the war, now being given us day by day in the *Daily Telegraph*, makes the most interesting reading of the present time. But even more enlightening than his account of his personal experiences is the foreword with which he introduces his history. For some inscrutable reason, scarcely any public or Press comment has been made on this foreword, which contains the expression of the opinion of a man who probably has a better knowledge than anyone outside Germany of what he is talking about; and gives information which it is at least as vital for us as for America to know.

To America—and To Us

MR. GERARD addresses himself, primarily, to Americans, for it is his aim to put clearly before his countrymen exactly what they are up against. But what he says is every bit as important to us. He tells them (and us) that Germany's military and naval power is unbroken. He tells them (and us) that Germany has at all times at least 9,000,000 "effectives," and that three years of war have trained them into skilled veterans. He tells them (and us) that Germany will not break under starvation, and that revolution in Germany is not even to be hoped for, much less expected. He tells them (and us) that there is far greater danger of the starvation of the Allies than of Germany.

Facts—Or Opinions

EXCEPTION may, and doubtless will, be taken to some of these statements of Mr. Gerard, especially to the one regarding the number of Germany's "effectives." The word "effectives," in its military sense, means men in the front lines and their immediate reserves; but Mr. Gerard must surely include in the term as he uses it everybody working under military control, including office staffs, and not merely the actual fighting men. That, after all, is a question of fact, but what

(*Continued on page 294*)

M. NIKOLA PASHITCH

The venerable Prime Minister of Serbia, being entertained at a luncheon under the auspices of the Serbian Society of Great Britain

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Mr. Gerard says as to the probability of starvation or revolution is a matter of opinion on which he is exceptionally well qualified—no man better—to form a judgment; and his words must come as a shock to a good many people who have rather confidently counted upon starvation or revolution as a highly probable factor in the near future.

Doers Wanted

MR. GERARD drives home the lesson he wants his people to learn by telling them that there are too many thinkers, writers, and speakers in the United States, and that from now onwards what is wanted are *doers*. This warning, at any rate, is more than equally applicable here. Each day our papers are full of Reconstruction, and Conventions, and Conferences, and the issue of "conditions of peace" by all sorts of self-important people fond of the sound of their own voices but not possessing the very faintest chance of getting their desires accepted by any belligerent. A fine example of the things which some people think can be done by merely putting them down on paper and passing a resolution in favour of them is the Labour Programme for the Settlement of the War, "prepared by a Sub-Committee of the Labour Party Executive for consideration by the Trade Unions and other Labour and Socialist organisations of the kingdom."

Utopia-Mongers

THIS gargantuan manifesto occupied two and a half columns of small print in the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday, and adequate comment on it is, of course, impossible. It embodies all the lovely and Utopian notions—such as the "League of Nations"—which owe their existence to a Little-Johnny-head-in-air ignoring of the history both of men and nations. But there are just one or two gems of careful thought in it which merit disinterment. For the settlement of the Balkan States the Labour programme is "the entry of all the Balkan National States into a federation for the concerted arrangement by mutual agreement among themselves of all matters of common concern!" It will take, I fancy, rather more than a nice collocation of pretty and polite phrases to get the Balkan States into a confederation. The Balkan tribes—one cannot call them nations—much prefer the dagger to the council hall as a method of argument. They are doers, not talkers. The spectacle, though, of a Birmingham shop-steward endeavouring to direct the course of a little argument between a Karageorgeovitch and an Obrenovitch as to which of them should represent the national aspirations of Serbia might not be wholly without humour!

A Breakdown in the Argument

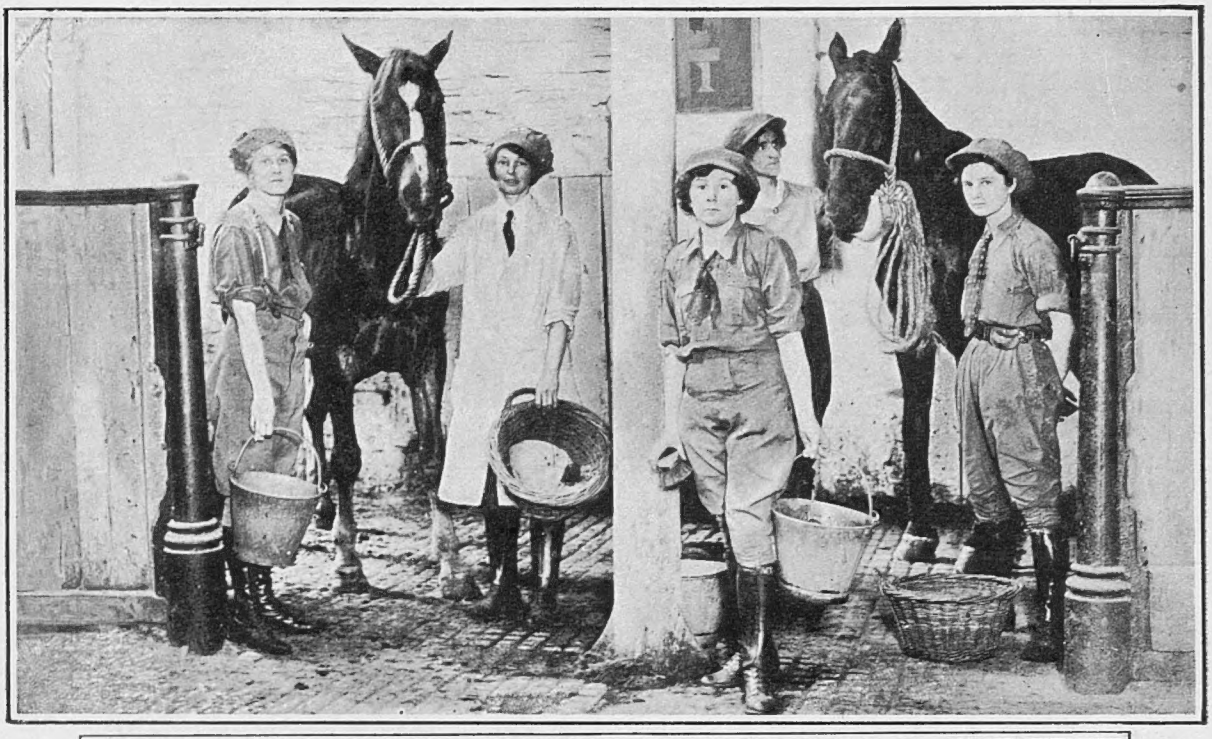
HAVING thus summarily disposed of the Balkan question, patted Italy on the back, arranged that the Poles and the Jews shall be allowed to settle their own destinies, and put the Turk under an International Commission, the Labour Programme passes lightly on to the disposal of the Colonies of Tropical Africa. (You will observe that they are not at all shy of purveying universal panaceas!) And here I grieve to say the Labour Programme gives itself right away. The basic principle all through its kindly disposal of other people's affairs has been that each nation should settle its own destiny without interference by those of alien race or religion. But in Tropical Africa—oh, what heresy from this sacred ideal do we observe! "In view of the fact that it is impracticable here to leave the various peoples concerned to settle their own destinies"—the League of Nations is to take charge of them! Oh, Labour Programme-Makers, *why?* Is the Universal Brotherhood of Man to exclude the black man? Shame! Shame!

"DONNERWETTER! NOW I CAN'T LET GO!"

And One Omission

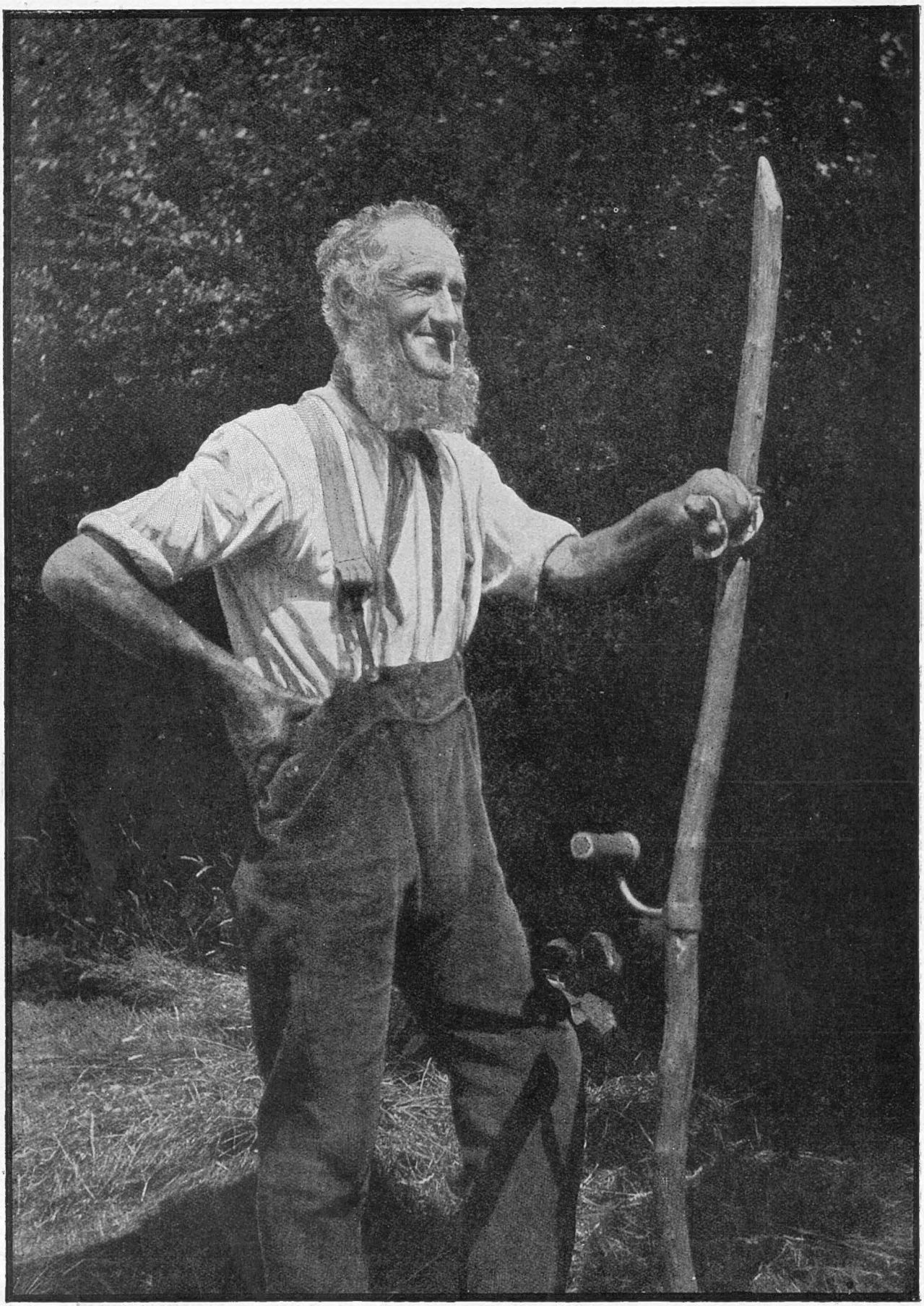
STILL, despite this little slip, pretty well everything is put right by the programme from Petrograd to Peru. Which reminds me—I do notice one grave omission in the Programme for World-Peace. I see no provision made for Central and South American States who may still wish to pursue the popular pastime of putting their Presidents against walls and shooting them.

Grooms Who Deserve to be Brides



These merry and stalwart girls are at work at Messrs. Macnamara's, the Government contractors, grooming and attending to the horses used in the Royal Mail Van Service

The Camera in the Countryside

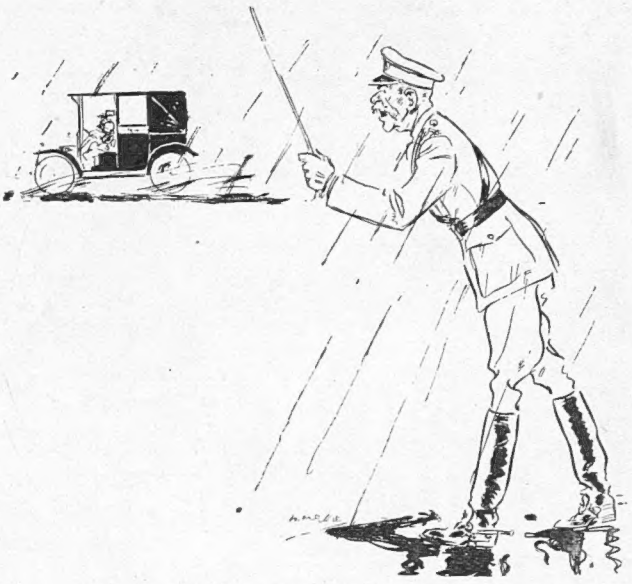


Photograph *Dr. Habberton Lu ham*

TILL THE BOYS COME HOME

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"



"Our tyrants the taxis"

LONDON, *August* 13, 1917

DEAR COUSIN—

THE type of person who wants "to leave the world a little better than he found it"—you know the septic blighters—is distinctly in the foreground, I notice, amongst the at-all-costs-let's-have-peace crowd, which is, unfortunately, somewhat prominent in England now; and one remarks, too, that the creatures belong mostly, if not entirely, to that all-too-numerous multitude which has itself done little or nothing to forward peace by the ancient and only sound method of *parare bellum*.

卐 卐

TALK of a premature and unavailing peace to the fighting man. . . . His answer is: There's only one peace we want, a victorious one. Talk to the maimed and broken. Are all our wounds, then, is all our suffering, to be in vain? Then go to the mourning mothers and the widowed wives. . . . What? And betray our dead? they cry. Anything, anything but that!

卐 卐

BUT the peace-crank is seldom either fighter, mourner, or even war-worker. If he is a man he shakes his head lugubriously over the growth of "military domination," and is generally imbued with a sneaking sympathy for that outcast of humanity, the Conscientious Objector. If she is a woman, neither her time nor her purse is conspicuously t her country's service. The enemy is also "her brother and her sister," and for her there would seem to be no "proud and perfect memories" of dear brave sons or brothers or husbands or lovers — valiant hearts, who, as they sang so beautifully in the Abbey at the Anniversary Service of Requiem:

. . . . . to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

卐 卐

WHAT is the good, the peace-crowd ask, of going on? Why not negotiate? To kill more men, will that bring the other dead back? Surely there has been enough bloodshed, enough horror, enough martyrdom, enough pouring out of gold and treasure, to satisfy even the princes who made war and the profiteers who profit by it? And a lot more to the same effect to which it's difficult to make satisfactory replies. Because, of *course*, there's been more than enough bloodshed and horror—there'd been more than enough of that before the war was a week old! And to talk to our peace-cranks about our duty to the poor, defenceless dead, or the futility of "negotiating" with Germany, is a mere waste of words and breath

"Weather in Flanders unimaginably vile"

卐 卐

BUT I do wish there was some way of putting the stopper on 'em. "While the Army is fighting so valiantly, let the nation behind be, above all, united," says the Prime Minister. And that's what makes the peace-crank such a sickening blot. Our men fight like lions — like heroes; they bear the most frightful pains and suffer untold tortures; they support life in torments of heat and dysentery in the East; they exist wet to the skin with mud and rain for dreary days and weary weeks on end in the West, all without one single word of complaint.

卐 卐

YET here, safely at home, *kept* safe by the fighting men, the pacifists shriek for more safety. . . . . It is a shame and a disgrace that there should be even

(*Continued on page 298*)

"When Maud put her new bathing-costume on"

one man—still less a woman, for whom, for the stay-at-homes, anyway, all the dirty work is done—to bleat discordantly of a premature peace that would nullify all the real men's gallantry and undo all the wonderful things that they've so wonderfully done.

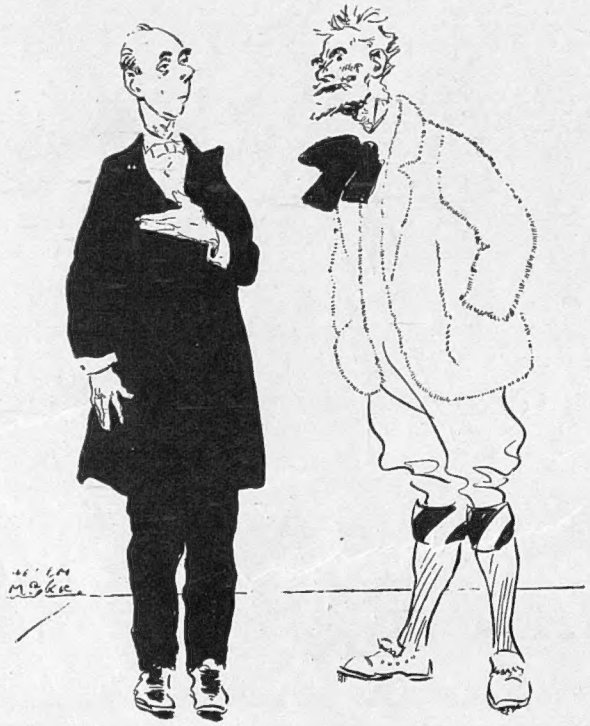
卐 卐

REALLY I think it's better, in war-time, to be too blood-thirsty than too forgiving-and-forgetting. What? With no less a person than the Mayor of Poplar, "I am not prepared to go out and throw my arms round the neck of the Hun and say 'Let bygones be bygones.'" In such an un-Christian business as war the gospel of turning the other cheek is out of date and out of place, besides being nothing less than a betrayal of the fighters of to-day—and of the future.

卐 卐

AND what I'd much like to know, too, is—don't these incredibly stainless lambs ever read such official and unquestioned reports as that published the other day for the French Foreign Office about the treatment of prisoners in Germany? Do English men and women really want to tender the glad hand of friendship and reconciliation in such a hurry to a nation which so ill-treats and starves British prisoners of war that one reads even in this calm, carefully edited Government report:

> The most miserable of all, the most cruelly used of all, were the British. . . . We saw these poor wretches, once so high-spirited and proud, sell their clothes to buy a fragment of bread. When they had nothing more to sell, no shirt or stockings, or blanket, they came into hospital, utterly exhausted, naked, stark naked, and died of hunger. . . .



"The peace-cranks"

卐 卐

I SPARE you the worst. . . . People do so hate to be harrowed, don't they, and the truth in war-time, I quite agree, is too bitter a cup for the quenching of the thirst of the don't-want-to-hear-anything-horrid mass. And in some corners of the globe, too, the bare truth does sound so—well, so *very* bare, you know.

Thus, from Bengal, a charming lady writes me anent a letter of mine, in which I must have failed sadly in my proper attitude of cheerfulness.

卐 卐

"WHAT, dear Blanche, has made you change your usually cheerful letter? I have just finished reading the last one out, and can't get away from the sadness one gathers from it. Is it really that the war is getting so deep into people's minds at home that surface gaiety cannot even be feigned? I feel very selfish, for here we live in the lap of luxury, and except for a few cadets drilling we should forget there was such a thing as war."

卐 卐

AS to the surface gaiety, dear lady—well, whether feigned or not, *that* here, too, is still going strong. Stronger than ever, in fact, you'd think, if just for a moment you could take a peep at, say, any South Coast seaside place this first August of the "duration" we've just started on. Packed to the limit, most of 'em, and at all a positively appalling—I mean, a perfectly marvellous—cheeriness. Indeed, at one extra select spot, such brightness and breeziness in the way of bathing-dresses, *par exemple*, that they've had to make a new municipal by-law or something—to provide cover for them, so to speak.

卐 卐

AS a modern (revue) poet has written:

> The sun was shining on the sea,
> It was a lovely day,
> When Maud put her new bathing costume on.
>
> The sea was blue,
> But turned a trifle bluer, so they say,
> When Maud put her new bathing costume on.
>
> The Mayor and Corporation
> Were astounded at the sight,
> When Maud put her new bathing costume on.
> Aeroplanes came down and flew
> At half their usual height,
> When Maud put her new bathing costume on.
>
> The submarines came right up to
> The surface, full of hope,
> When Maud put her new bathing costume on,
> And the crew, they say, all fought for places
> Round the periscope,
> When Maud put her new bathing costume on.

卐 卐

STILL, there are others. . . . And these others err, of course, in an opposite direction. For

(*Continued on page 300*)

Some Women Who Don't—No. 3

MABEL

Who says she "works" at the canteen

"Uncertain, Coy, and Hard to Please"

1914
Oh, to be a BOY—just for a while!

1917
Oh, to be a GIRL—just for a while!

IN ENGLAND—NOW! (*concluded*)

instance, tried they never so manfully, these could not live through last week without being at least aware of those terrible casualty lists that were the toll we paid for the third battle of Ypres. The sight of youth paying the bitter price of Empire is always, of course, an ennobling one; but, for some of us, at any rate, it can never be a really "cheery" spectacle.

卐 卐

APROPOS, it must have wanted some keeping up, mustn't it, that proverbial "cheeriness" amid the awful wetness of the last of the Ypres weeks. Weather unimaginably vile, ran the report. A drenching drizzle for nights and days, the air thick with a dank fog such as the flats of Flanders alone can breed, the men sunk from ankle to haunch in slush and water, and for no one near the front a chance of drying his soaked clothes. . . . It was bad enough at home, what with the shortness of our tyrants the taxis and the thinness of our war-time summer shoes. Out there it must have been truly dreadful.

卐 卐

HERE, too, though, we had our share of troubles. In addition to the rain, positive *floods* of talk—which I really think is sometimes even more depressing. As someone's said, the art of conversation is saying something that sounds, at any rate, as if it hadn't been said before; but the art of political speech-making seems to be the reverse. Truly, you know, we are quite aware now why we went to war. Wouldn't it be better to let hard-worked Premiers and people save themselves the time and trouble of saying that all over again, and instead—get on with it?

MERE oratory's very feeble when it doesn't get anywhere or do anything, and in these days of get-on-or-get-out and do-or-die-ism simply puts the orator 'way up on the shelf with the also-rans. An awful fate—such dull society. Which reminds me these really are dull days for that section of Society (with a big S) that still lives only to amuse itself, if there is a war. London, of course, is rather impossible, the seaside places are worse just now, and every single one of the smart diversions of society's pre-war Augusts are deader than the deadest doornail.

卐 卐

LOWER in the social scale there are "holidays," and on this level there is, of course, no feverish necessity to find distraction though the heavens fall. And still lower life swerves not from its appointed channel of work just because it happens to be August or any other month. The allotment question, by the way, is a slightly feverish one in this social stratum.

卐 卐

FIRED by patriotic fervour, hundreds of thousands of men and women, in the spring of the year, dug and delved like maniacs to produce more food. Now their allotments bulge with more green stuff than they can eat and that nobody wants to buy, and Mr. Lloyd George has announced that there's also plenty elsewhere. Very sad, isn't it, for the loyal cultivators, whose cup of disappointment was yet further embittered when the Royal inspection of their war-wurzels and patriotic parsnips was declared "off." But the rewards of virtue are seldom anything to write home about.—With love, yours ever,

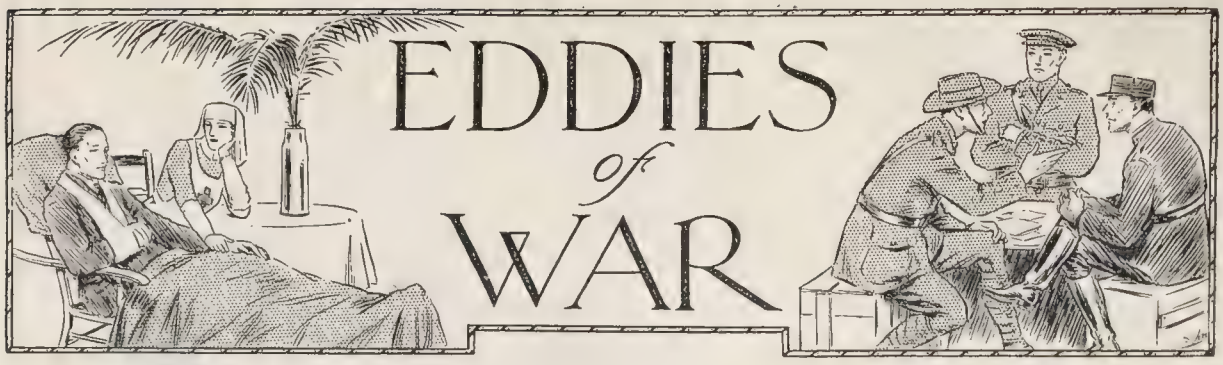
B ANCHE.

Worse than Shell-Shock

PASSED BY CENSOR

—THE SERGEANT SAID "PLEASE"!

(*This drawing is a most remarkable example of what pluck and determination will do for a man. The artist, Lance-Corporal H. Earnshaw, well-known for his black-and-white work before the war, has had his right arm blown off. He drew this picture* ENTIRELY WITH HIS LEFT HAND, *less than three weeks after leaving hospital*)



"DEFEAT OF THE CENSOR—OFFICIAL."

BY DELL LEIGH

BURT and Stevens, at the beginning of the war, were partners on the Stock Exchange. Burt in the fullness of time became drawn in by the octopus of the local recruiting office, and Copthall Avenue knew him no more. He went through the many and intricate phases of soldiering in its elementary stages, and found, somewhat to his astonishment, that he was a person of no moment whatsoever. He had brains, however, and brains count nowadays. Consequently they put him forward for a commission before he got out to France. While on "draft" leave the two partners had a farewell lunch at the Ship and Turtle, and it was during the cigar stage that Burt conceived the code idea. There was nothing new in this; but if the business of stocks and shares was to be carried on at all it was obvious they could only hold board meetings through a censored post. They accordingly tackled this question then and there by pushing knives and forks aside on the tablecloth and "getting opposite it," as Stevens said. They worked out quite a useful code for business purposes, wherein all the gossip of the House was passed across the Channel in a few words. Advice as to disposal, or acquisition, of stock was dealt with efficiently in this manner:

"Tenants of No. 3 moving out" meant "I am selling a bear of——," No. 3 being the stock on the list they compiled together numerically. Further details of this nature cannot be given here, as they would make the Censor feel ten years younger, and that would be a calamity!

BURT, as he became more a soldier and less a stockbroker, became also rather bored with the business code, and compiled a universal code for subalterns, which, he contended, represented what really happened to him. The following are extracts, as far as I dare quote them without giving the whole show away:—

A I.—Have been promoted to Staff Captain at Divisional Headquarters. G.O.C. says he wished he had known of me before, as division wants bucking up.

A II.—Find I am only graded as staff lieutenant. Appears G.O.C.'s remarks somewhat exaggerated.

A III.—Devilish hard work, this staff business, never get any sleep at all.

A IV.—Staff appointment only temporary; some other feller gone home with nervous breakdown—not surprised!

B I.—Have got a new C.O. at last, thank goodness; looks quite a sportsman, and said to be great believer in comfort of officers in the field. Good egg.

B II.—He paraded entire battalion at dawn this morning; little unnecessary, this.

B III.—Find he is of the "hard-bitten campaigner" type; not sure that I shall like him, after all.

B IV.—New C.O. is a miserable old rotter. Believe he is a Volunteer dug-out, masquerading as a Regular.

C I.—Have got a railhead job, miles behind lines—*banzai!* This is *all right*. Regular hours for work in the goods yard, and quite a respectable *estaminet* across the road.

C II.—The hours for work seem to be a bit long. These dam trains never cease arriving. Moreover, place swarms with flies from the meat trucks.

C III.—Railhead working-parties over-rated amusement. Fool of a man on truck broke a tin of aircraft lubricating oil all over me this morning; have come to sticky end.

C IV.—Eighteen hours to-day in this heat unloading sacks of flour. Give me a fire trench any day.

D I.—Back with 1st Battalion. Good chaps. Nothing like 1st Battalions. Feel you really *are* doing things to win war.

D II.—Sharing billet with new company commander, one McDougal; first-class man, late sergeant-major *n*th Battalion Black Watch; knows job inside out; will wake our lot up some.

D III.—McDougal has nasty habit of dreaming out loud; suddenly shouts "MARKER-R-R-S." in middle of night. Has done it twice lately. First time, thought I was late for parade, and tumbled out—most annoying; was in beauty sleep!

D IV.—McDougal sucks his teeth in chromatic scale after meals. Something must be done about McDougal. Don't quite know what. Think shall apply for transfer to tanks—less noisy.

E I.—Hear I'm down for Military Cross. Not before it was time, either.

E II.—Adjutant says first *he's* heard of it; thinks he's funny—only man who does.

E III.—Have made discreet inquiries about this. Told to report sick to M.O. for delusions.

E IV.—Honours list arrives in *Daily Mail*. M.C. given to cousin of mine in 2nd Battalion. Am fed up.

THINGS, apparently, went from bad to worse in Burt's campaigning, for one day after a string of postal pessimisms extending over a spell of bad weather Stevens received a postcard which, for sheer awfulness, seemed to have exceeded all known codes, for on it was written the following symbol: Z XXXIII.

Army Instructions Bystandardised—No. 7

Rifle, from butt to foresight, must
Be perfectly clean and free from rust

PASSED BY CENSOR

OFFICER: "Have you anything to say?"

OFFENDER: "Well, sir, all I said to the sergeant was—'A rifle ain't the only thing that gets well oiled now and again'!"

Evening Dress Optional

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

A LEADING theatrical manager recently announced that the tyranny of the fashion of evening dress for theatres having now been swept away, the theatres are booming accordingly. The theory is, apparently, that if the average man wanted a stall at the theatre and found that he would have to "dress" for the occasion, he preferred to stay away altogether; and now that he is no longer compelled by the tyranny in question to wear evening clothes, he is rolling up in his thousands to the box-office. Of course, the theatrical managers have command of the statistics in the case, and they must know; but if their conclusions in respect of this staggering change are accurate, there can no longer be any room for doubt in the mind of the most optimistic that there's a war on.

STILL, the alleged tyranny was a very good friend to the managers in its time, and it would seem a little ungrateful in them to exult so callously in its downfall. "Evening Dress Indispensable" was an admonition frequently accompanying the free ticket years ago, thus naïvely conveying the suggestion that the tickets were intended for circulation among people who were not habitual victims of the aforesaid tyranny. By requiring the "free list" to wear evening dress the manager of a "dud" play was able to foster among his paying clients the consoling impression that they were not the only fools in the house.

NOW, however, that evening dress has lost its vogue for the moment, the manager can point to his rows of crowded stalls with a triumphant smile, and it is not for the mere outsider to conjecture how much real money they represent. In the bad old days, of course, the man in the stalls in morning dress had "paper" written all over him, more especially if, with a valiant attempt to rise to the ceremonious occasion, he was wearing a white tie with his tweed suit as a compromise with the conventions.

OF course, it is the war that has done it. We are out for nothing in these times if not to abolish tyranny, and the dress suit has merely gone a little before the other delinquents. Most people of any consequence are engaged in these times in some form of voluntary war-work, which leaves no time for a change between the job and the theatre, or the theatre and the job, as the case may be. My own experience is that evening clothes with pumps are not a very business-like combination for a "special" who has to pace the muddy surroundings of a suburban railway bridge in the small hours of a rough winter morning. Besides, if you return home from duty at 5 a.m. in your evening clothes, you give your early-rising neighbours the disastrous impression that you are one of the sort that, even in war-time, always come home with the milk.

IT is doubtful, however, whether any but theatrical managers will be bowed down by the tyranny of evening dress if it should be revived in happier days to come. Apart from the hygienic value of the change to the wearer, the evening suit implies a previous care for the toilet, which is so desirable in "crowded houses." And its simplicity is so obvious and so democratic that at the theatre you cannot easily tell a duke from a dramatic critic. There is a difference, really, you know. Besides, without some such cast-iron tyranny of fashion we might have South African millionaires turning up in an evening suit made of cloth of gold with Koh-i-noor buttons. To say nothing of the other side of the picture in which you would be unreasonably expected to give your undivided attention to the drama on the stage while the man sitting next you was wearing a red waistcoat and a yellow necktie.

WHAT? WINSTON AGAIN!

(Specially posed for THE BYSTANDER *by Ed. E. Ford)*

The Submarine Stunt

PASSED BY CENSOR

"By the way, I suppose you've got some fella—sort of sergeant johnny—who understands all about these thingummies, what?"

19

PASSED BY CENSOR

No! This isn't an air-raid bomb bother. Only his grandson Harold

.?

aged eight, has just asked Old Bill what he did in the great war

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Shrapnel Pars

"THE German troops," wails the Munich *Nachrichten*, "have lived during the last fortnight in hell." Never mind; they'll get used to it in time—or, at any rate, in eternity.

AMONG the attractive qualities of the race of which he is the worthy head, the Kaiser specially mentions their "iron courage." But what is that, after all, to their brazen mendacity?

THE Finns have a grievance against the men who are now (more or less) ruling Russia. They can't understand a Provision-al Government which has gone out of its way to suspend their Diet.

IT is to be hoped that people will take Lloyd George's advice to "keep both eyes on the war." Some, as he said, keep only *one* eye on it; but it is the obvious duty of every patriot to avoid this (s)quintessence of folly.

"YOU cannot make jam out of conclusions," profoundly remarks Mr. Gulland, the Abingdon Street philosopher. Quite so; the nearest you can get to it is to preserve your own opinions.

THOUGH the form of duel proposed by Mr. Pemberton Billing has been turned down by his antagonist, there are some who still think that a single stick, smartly applied in the proper quarter, would provide the most appropriate sequel to the "incident."

A MOURNFUL meteorologist says that all through the war the weather has been our worst enemy. We hope it will do better for us in the future; but, anyhow, we mean to win—weather or not.

SUGAR-CARDS, it is now announced, will be coming along in October. The date when sugar will follow is, presumably, not yet fixed.

"THERE will be plenty of work for everybody—famine will probably occur," is the cheery after-the-war vision of Mr. Sidney Webb. But he needn't flatter himself that we shall be lured any nearer to a patched-up peace by these "Fabian" tactics.

IF we are to believe Boanerges-Bottomley, "we are on the eve of a great revelation." What, *another?* Hasn't the development of Horatio into a Holy Prophet been "revelation" enough for one generation?

"IT is a libel on Attila," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "to call the Kaiser a Hun. He is a Thug." What's the poor old Thug done?

THE whole country, says Mr. Dillon, is crawling with officials. But that's the only way you can keep pace with an official.

THAT there was some confusion as to whether Mr. Ramsay Macdonald had gone to France on a sub-committee or on a submarine is very natural. Both work out of sight and are generally up to mischief.

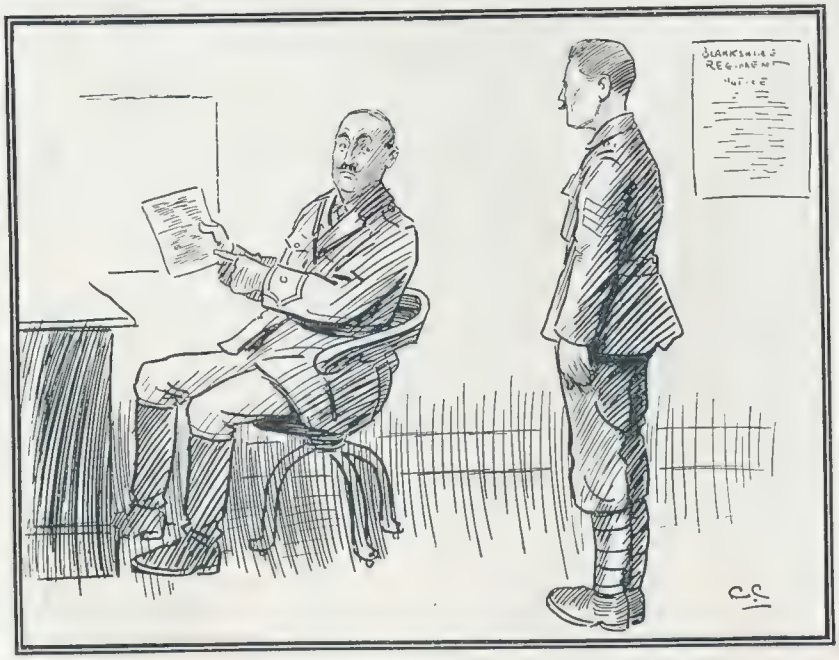
A WOMAN'S shoe, says a medical man, is made to fit the eye and not the foot of the wearer. And, we may add, to catch the eye and not the admonition of the observer.

MR. MACPHERSON says that some men are lucky and some are not. True. Why some men are not even in the Government!

THE "Workers and Soldiers' Council" have been asking their members to suggest a shorter title; and an ill-bred fellow writes to ask us what is wrong with "Crank."

WE agree that it is inconvenient to have visitors dropping in at all hours, but the suburban dweller who fastened on his gate a plate bearing the words "No Hawkers, No Circulars, No Bombs" was rather optimistic.

"IN the French sector the fire of our artillery stopped a new attempted counter-attack by the Germans in the region of Bixschoote." Some big shoot, that.



KINDLY MEANT

OFFICER: "Your reports are not quite clear, sergeant. You should make them out so that the most stupid person could understand them"

SERGEANT: "Is there anything I can explain to you, sir?"

War-Time "Grouse" Shooting

A DAY WITH THE GUNS

A Daughter of Russia

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

This artistically fine photograph shows Madame Astafieva, who takes the principal part in the Swinburne Ballet at the Coliseum, having originally arranged the ballet for a charity matinée at the Lyric. She is a grandniece of Tolstoi, and illustrates marvellously the mingled dreaminess and fire of the Russian character

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Better 'Ole"

OR, THE "ROMANCE OF OLD BILL," AT THE OXFORD

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE gentleman who could find sermons in stones and books in the running brooks must be a mere cipher to the soldier who can see humour through the chinks of Armageddon. Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's Old Bill is by this time a friend of the family everywhere, and his now historic recommendation, "If you knows of a better 'ole, why don't you go to it?" expresses what is for most of us the whole philosophy of life. We had always suspected that there must be another side to "Old Bill" apart from his wit and his walrus whiskers; and in this play we get the facts. "Old Bill" is a hero of the best British brand, and the full and complete details are now presented to the public for the first time.

BY accident Bill learns that German spies are going to blow up an important bridge after the French have crossed it, thus cutting

(*Continued on page 312*)

"The Better 'Ole" at the Oxford

off any chance of reinforcements. What does Bill do? Alone and unaided he crawls "over the top," and before the French can cross the fatal bridge on their outward journey he blows it up himself with his own good right hand. (It may be, of course, that he had to use both hands for the job; but I am shockingly ignorant on the subject of blowing up bridges.) On his return to the trench he is found with German papers on him, and is about to be shot as a spy when extenuating circumstances are discovered, and he is decorated with crosses and medals instead.

The plot, however, interesting as it is, does not occupy much of the entertainment, the charm of which lies in the vivid reproduction of many of the scenes with which we are familiar in Captain Bairnsfather's drawings. There are also Bert and Alf and the dossy little French girls to keep the fun at high-water mark all the time. Bert is the sentimental one, whose sentiment, however, is so prudently chastened by business acumen that one fancies he must hail from the north of the Tweed. When it is a question of having to decide between the rival charms of two French beauties, Bert merely wonders whether he would be happier as the proprietor (by marriage) of an *estaminet* or of a thriving laundry concern. Alf has very little to do except to try to make a flint and steel pipe-lighter do its work; but those who have handled the elusive things tell me that that is all one man's job, anyway.

"Old Bill" has been seen on the stage before, but never with such a homely and natural realism as is to be seen here. The scenes in the trenches and behind the lines are reproduced with a simple frankness that is most

"The Better 'Ole" at the Oxford

convincing. One almost fancies one has been there and seen Tommy "a-doin' of it"

⁂

THEN there are the songs which seem to come straight from the heart, as the song "We Wish We Was In Blighty" probably does. Another excellent song that roused the house to a pitch of enthusiasm was sung by Miss Goody Reeve. It was all about the Irish girls who had come out to the front to do their bit because they didn't want their men to be lonely, or something of that sort. Or it may be they thought their men wanted watching; but that, of course, is a matter of which I know nothing.

⁂

ONE scene of the play is full of timely jests at the expense of the War Office, and they all promptly find their mark. There is the huge pile of official documents relating to the claim of a railway company for the sum of eightpence, which threatens to be as complicated a case as that of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. Then in the midst of an official investigation that may mean life or death to somebody there comes a telegraphic inquiry as to whether there are any offers for two dozen oranges that have escaped distribution by oversight; and there is rich humour respecting the regulations governing the wearing of the military moustache and how it ought to be trimmed by the man who really loves his country.

⁂

THE entertainment is a joyous outbreak of high spirits from first to last, and it gives us besides the first authoritative picture we have had of life behind the front by one who knows. The success of *The Better 'Ole* is assured, and it is certainly "in for the duration." JINGLE

[Ever since the opening night the Oxford has not been big enough to hold the crowds of people desirous of seeing "Old Bill" in the flesh. At the Bank Holiday matinée, Mr. C. Blyth Pratt, the manager of the Oxford, informs us, all records for the house were broken.]

The Bystander in Paris

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"

"When they sounded the 'Alerte!'"

CAFÉ GAULOIS, *August*

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

"PARIS—Ville d'Eau!" Before the war it was the favourite reproach of the old Parisian when he referred to the Capital at this season, which, as monsieur knows, was the *morte saison* for everyone but the international tourist. Ah, the Old Parisian—he did not love the international tourist before the war! I have even heard him say that he was the principal reason why Paris was an impossible place after the Grand Prix week. *Mais, voyez,* monsieur—how the war changes even the Old Parisian, for no longer ago than this evening I have heard him over his *apéritif* explaining to a relative from the provinces all the attractions of a holiday within the fortifications.

⁂

"*Eh, quoi, mon vieux!* and why should I displace myself to some forlorn provincial nest where they are counting on my advent to recuperate their depleted budgets? To wake up with cock-crow at the break of dawn? Ah, but I do that every morning! *Parfaitement!* There are at least three chanticleers in my immediate neighbourhood—which is not so far from the Faubourg Saint-Germain as you might believe! Thanks to them, my German alarm-clock has lost its *raison d'être,* for I can assure you their "Hymn to the Rising Sun" is as sonorous and long-sustained as that of M. Rostand's bird-hero! No, I wish them no ill-will, though their clarion calls awaken a barnyard symphony all over the quarter, which accompanies my morning rites with every form of cackling and squawking. For at least I know that "Jenny l'Ouvrière" and her consorts, who are the happy owners of these attic poultry-yards, will have a fresh egg for breakfast (instead of sacrificing a substantial part of her day's wages for it), and perhaps a roast chicken when her *poilu* returns on leave. And then—is not the cock the emblem of France? Ah, but you should have heard him the other night when they sounded the "Alerte" for the Boche air raids, which didn't come off! No sooner had the sirens started shrieking and the *pompiers* tooting the "Garde à vous!" than all the cocks in Paris answered with a defiant "cockorackoo," and kept it up until the reassuring notes of the "Breloque" told us all was over, and that it was time to leave our windows and balconies and get back to bed. Talk about the geese saving the Capitol! Why, if the Boche aviators ever get over Paris they will think it is some monstrous barnyard and turn back!"

"Le Général B."

⁂

APROPOS! who misses the *Théâtres d'Été* and the other nocturnal pleasure resorts of pre-war days when he can assist at a "Garde à vous" scene on a summer night? As for the Summer Casino, with its reigning beauties and attendant courts of *soupirants,* we can rival that any afternoon at the hour of the "five o'clock"—especially when a popular aviator is in town!

⁂

AND talk about the *grande semaine* of Trouville or Deauville! I ask you, can they compare with the flutter of excitement of our "Great Coal Week"? As every Parisian had "something on," so to speak, the finish was naturally infinitely more exciting than any Pari-Mutuel could be. M. Loucheur, our coal champion, was the hot favourite, and everybody was backing him against the field. Of course, the stakes, when they are

(*Continued on page 316*)

STAR TURNS. I.—MELODRAMA

IN all murky Melodramas I'm the specialist in crime,
For my sins the blameless Hero spends his days in "doing time,"
What with forcing safes and forging, I've such endless jobs to do,
I'd collapse without **Abdullas** to sustain and pull me through!

After tea I'm booked to murder the blue-blooded, white-haired Earl,
Just at midnight I must kidnap his forlorn and lovely Girl,
Before dawn I've an appointment to derail the Night Express,
And **Abdullas** soothe and nerve me to enjoy the horrid mess.

Black-robed widows may implore me not to starve themselves and "cheild"—
(Since I've slain their doting husbands they feel naturally "riled")
Pallid maidens, lost in snow-storms, may denounce my ways as vile—
But I light a loved **Abdulla,** quaff some sherry wine—and smile!

As for "sharping," pulling horses, and such minor forms of sport,
Villains **have** to keep their hands in doing deeds they didn't ought!
It is merely cheery child's play to desert my weeping wife—
But **I'm faithful to Abdullas**—till the Hero ends my life.

ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

finally divided up, won't be excessive — 150 kilos a week! But still, the great thing is to have won something.

⁂

And now that exciting event is over there is the "Bread Week" in sight! The second dark spot on the parliamentary horizon! And the darker its colour the darker is the outlook for the audacious *violette* which took upon itself to become our Food Controller! Look at the "card trick" he has kept us guessing at for — how many months is it? Once it's the "Coal Card," then it's the "Bread Card," and whenever you think you have spotted one and are inwardly rejoicing at some sort of arrangement, however makeshift — whit! it has slipped up his Ministerial sleeve, and you are left sitting there wondering how it was done! But having at last extracted the "Coal Card," there is a chance that he will have to follow suit and put down the "Bread Card," too—even if it is his very last trump!

"The hour of the 'five o'clock'"

How they talk, these Old Parisians—especially when it is for the benefit of a provincial! To listen to them one might think they were enjoying the war! Of course, it is a pleasure for Frédéric to listen to such encouraging conversation—but, *hélas!* it does not compensate for those stimulating discussions of the military situation which our commandant leads with such eloquence! They still take place in the Café Gaulois, only no longer when Frédéric is in earshot! *Une vilaine histoire*, monsieur, especially as it is not his fault! But I will explain!

"These attic poultry-yards"

⁂

In a café which is one of the favourite rendezvous of our most eminent military critics, one of my colleagues enjoyed the same confidence as Frédéric does with our clients. Like him he was allowed to follow all the unravellings of technical problems. Suddenly (it was just when the spy-fever broke out afresh the other day) the *garçon* they had trusted so long became an object of suspicion. One never knows how such things start, whether his interest in military affairs had grown too tense, or because in other ways his behaviour was changed—at any rate, the word was passed round, and my colleague was watched. *Enfin*—at last they caught him. As he was changing some money for a client some scraps of paper dropped from his pocket! And—*horreur!*—on them were notes and diagrams plainly referring to military matters! In a moment they had pinioned and searched him. And—worse and worse!—there was an envelope addressed to "Général B!"

"*Misérable!* Who is this 'Général B.'?—speak!"

"*C'est moi, messieurs!*"

"You! How dare you!"

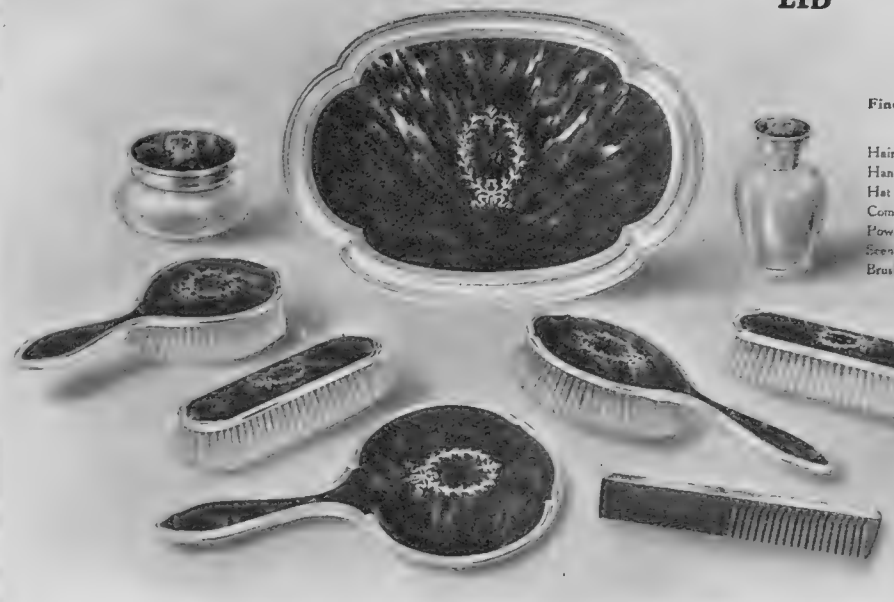
⁂

And the most terrible part of it, monsieur, is that my colleague spoke the truth! For he proved to his irate captors that it was the *nom de plume* which for months he had signed to the military articles of a certain provincial gazette, and that it was thanks to the loquacity of his clients and his own attentiveness that he had been able to blossom into a *critique militaire* and supplement his *pourboires* by the earnings of his plagiaristic pen!

It is a terrible lesson to Frédéric! *À bientôt*, monsieur!

FRÉDÉRIC

Mappin & Webb LTD



Finest Tortoiseshell, inlaid Sterling Silver.

	£ s. d.
Hair Brush ...	3 15 0
Hand Mirror	5 15 0
Hat or Cloth Brush	2 5 0
Comb	1 1 0
Powder Jar	2 10 0
Scent Bottle	2 5 0
Brush Tray	15 0 0

London Showrooms: 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. 4; 158-162, OXFORD ST., W. 1; 172, REGENT ST., W. 1.

Manufactory: The Royal Works, Sheffield.

Branches: PARIS, NICE, BIARRITZ, ROME, JOHANNESBURG, BUENOS AIRES, ETC.

"An Essential Garment for all Women Workers."

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

THE

"Quorn Featherweight"

Ladies' Service Waterproof

Specially designed after the model of the celebrated "Quorn" Active Service Coat for use when motor driving and for all other outdoor occupations. Absolutely waterproof and extremely light, with handy capacious concertina pockets and wind-cuff straps to sleeves.

THE LADIES' "QUORN FEATHERWEIGHT" COAT combines SMARTNESS OF APPEARANCE with THE UTMOST SERVICEABILITY.

PRICE **£2 : 19 : 6**

In heavy material.

PRICE **£3 : 18 : 6**

The Ladies' "QUORN" is also supplied in Gabardine, lined oil-cotton and fine check wool.

PRICE **£5 : 10 : 0**

Only three measurements required:—Bust, Length of Sleeve from centre of back (arms bent) to length required, and height.

TURNBULL & ASSER

71-72, JERMYN ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.

Telegrams: "PADDYWHACK, LONDON." Telephone: GERRARD 4628.

Regimental Fables:

No. XI.—THE BATMAN

Now early in the year A.D. 1916 Lieut. Exe, of C Company of the 10th Blankshire Regiment, was appointed to be town major of the little village of ——. And the said village had been sorely smitten by the foe; in fact, old Boche had blown it to blazes. The cause of Lieut. Exe's appointment (an appointment which, although rather worrying at times when there are many officers about, was not at all bad) was that he had been having a pretty thick time, and the medical officer thought he needed a rest. And with this job Lieut. Exe had also secured the services of a new batman (which is to say, a servant), one Private Whye, who was an old soldier. Of the age of Private Whye's soldierliness there could be no question.

* *

And Lieut. Exe, being town major, allotted unto himself the best billet that he could find, which was a pretty rotten one at that. Most of the natives of that place had left, Boche having bashed it so to bits. And it came to pass that Lieut. Exe and Private Whye held a consultation in the little room. "This is not much of a place," remarked Lieut. Exe. "No, sir." "Very uncomfortable." "Yes, sir." "There is no lamp, no oil." "No, sir." "An armchair would be a good idea." "Yes, sir." "I *must* have a little writing-table." "Yes, sir." "And I am cold at night. There are not enough blankets." "No, sir." "Well, what about it?" "Do what I can, sir." And the next morning there was much activity in the little village of ——, for a division was on the move. And many and scattered were the G.S. waggons and the lorries; and the paraphernalia of the division, the A.S.C. and the transport were all over the place.

* *

And, behold! mightily surprised and full of joy was Lieut. Exe when, two evenings after, he returned unto his billet and found in the little room a big armchair and a small table, on which was burning a good-looking lamp. Also, more blankets on the bed. "I wonder" . . . thought he. And he lay him down to rest, and he slept warmly by reason of the extra blankets. And he even felt annoyed with a voice at his side in the morning, saying "Cup o' tea, sir?" And he turned, and, beholding the cheerful and intelligent visage of Private Whye, his annoyance departed from him. "You got the things, then, Whye," he said. "Yes, sir, got 'em, sir," answered Whye.

* *

And Lieut. Exe made reply: "Where," said he, "where did . . . . ?" And he thought unto himself: "But, indeed and surely, it behoves me to be as old a soldier as my servant." And he pursued the matter no further; but contented himself with the ease of the armchair, the convenience of the table and the lamp and the warmth of the more blankets.

Moral.—Ask no questions.

SYMPATHETIC ADVICE!

Sergeant (*to recruit who has fallen out continually on the march*): "You ought ter join the Flying Corps; then you'd only fall out once!"

WHERE FLYING MEN ARE FITTED OUT

AVIATION KIT BY SPECIALISTS

HIMSELF a specialist, the flying man believes profoundly in the specialist in kit. That's why the air-services tradition already is that every aviation officer—at every stage from cadet-chrysalis to full-blown flyer—must get his kit at Dunhill's.

It's not just that Dunhill kit means quality—what matters more is the knowledge and understanding built into every detail of equipment. And that means comfort.

Cadets may look for cut and style in uniform—and at Dunhill's they're always sure of that. But when a man gets wings and knows the difference betwixt a rumpty and a quirk, comfort's his main concern. And kit comfort means kit-unconsciousness when you're drilling the atmosphere at 100 m.p.h., or executing a zoom for stunt's sake or safety.

And then there's the downright economy of dealing at Dunhill's—not the economy of cheap outfit, but of a reasonable sum rightly invested. These prices—keeping Dunhill quality in mind—speak for themselves :—

Tunic, in finest whipcord,
£5 : 10 : 0

Breeches, best Bedford cord,
£3 : 3 : 0

Leather Coats, made of finest chrome dressed skin, light in weight, soft to handle and fitting like a glove, lined with finest fleece,
£9 : 9 : 0

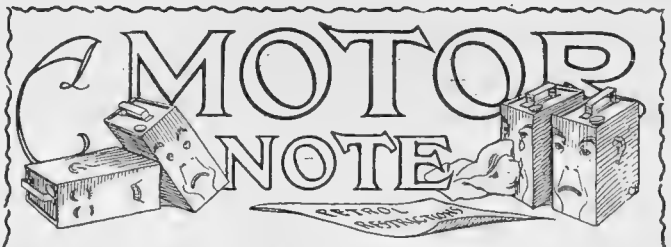
A copy of our Catalogue on Aviation Kit will be gladly sent on request.

Dunhill's
LTD.

2, Conduit Street, London, W.1

MANCHESTER:
90 and 92, Cross Street.

GLASGOW:
72, St. Vincent Street.



Racing and Motoring: A Difference in Treatment

Influence or Attitude

THE permit issued under pressure of horse-racing interests in order to allow the race-game to go on in a modified way means that the influence of the horse-racing industry is either very much stronger or very much more persistent than the influence of the motoring industry; or it means that the motoring industry has not developed sufficient impudence to insist that the dispensable should be treated as the indispensable. I would not question the sincerity of the jovial sportsmen who have been so busy prophesying national disaster if horse-racing were not allowed to continue. They are doubtless quite as sincere as the exponents of the hunt-game, who profess (or professed) to find the very marrow of the national backbone in the chase; or as the ancient three-bottle man who could see England going to the demnition dogs, sir, every time a thimbleful of his pet tipple seemed threatened. The only surprise I have in the matter is that anybody outside horse-racing circles can be found sufficiently credulous to accept the justification for horse-racing put forward by its champions: First, that bloodstock is absolutely indispensable; second, that the perfection of bloodstock is impossible apart from racing; and third, that racing is useless unless it is conducted in public with a five-guinea enclosure, a ten-shilling ring, and a tic-tac merchant on the roof of the grand stand. Every postulate is self-evidently absurd.

AN "EXTRA-STRONG COLONIAL NAPIER"

Fording a river near Salonika. It will be seen that this car has every occasion to live up to its name; but it does this kind of work wonderfully well

* * *

A Matter of National Values

NOT that the matter worries me at all. If anybody desires horse-racing and can indulge it without detriment to the national well-being, why by all means let him indulge, and welcome. Only, if horse interests can carry on without detriment to the nation, motoring interests, being infinitely more nationally valuable, could be given very much larger liberties to the national advantage. The conservation of foodstuffs is quite as important as the conservation of petrol—more important; and most certainly the motoring industry is vastly more nationally important than the racehorse-breeding industry. But we stop motoring practically entirely, and we switch motor manufacturers on to something entirely foreign to their normal product, while the idea of motor-racing never remotely occurs to anyone, although you *can* justify a measure of motor-racing on

(Continued on page 322)

The "CENSOR"

I suppose I'm the only one "doing his bit" who doesn't share in the universal joy of receiving letters "from the Front" or from "Blighty." You see, I get too many of 'em through my hands. Why, bless you, I sometimes find ——— censoring the letters written to myself. One can learn a lot from letters, too, and between ——— it was the frequent mention of "Army Club" in them that led ——— to the discovery of that best of all smokes. I may say that now all mentions and enclosures of

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club"

CIGARETTES.

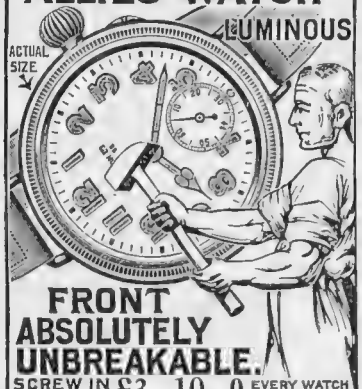
are PASSED BY THE CENSOR.

In boxes of **20** *for* **11d.** **50** *for* **2/3.** **100** *for* **4/6.**

Sold by all leading Tobacconists and at all the Canteens.

SMITH'S ALLIES WATCH

LUMINOUS



FRONT ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.

SCREW IN SILVER CASE £3 - 10 - 0 EVERY WATCH WARRANTED.

MEDICAL WATCH WRISTLET

Luminous Figures and Hands.

Screw-In Dust and Damp Proof Case.

Registers 1-5th of Seconds

Invaluable for Hospital Work.

Sterling Silver, £4 : 15 : 0

Fine Sapphire and Brilliant Ring, £4 15 0

Fine Double Cluster Brilliant Ring, £10 10 0

A fine assortment of Rings and Jewellery always in stock.

S. SMITH & SON LTD ESTD 1851

HOLDERS OF 6 ROYAL WARRANTS.
WATCH MAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.

6, GRAND HOTEL BLDGS TRAFALGAR SQ. W.C. & 68, PICCADILLY, W.

How they keep Cheerful.

The secret out at last!

THE DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

AN OFFICER WRITES FROM FRANCE

Exactly 15 months ago I purchased a Decca Gramophone and used it daily for six months in England and brought it out here, and I have used it continuously for nine months. It has stood all the knocking about splendidly. It has been in the trenches and has been dumped for days in the mud, and at last it is done for. We have all enjoyed it beyond description and think what it has survived simply miraculous. Please send a new one as soon as possible.

No loose parts. Ready to play directly opened. Takes all needle records.

In Leather Cloth Case, £5 5 0 | Compressed Fibre Case, £6 10 0

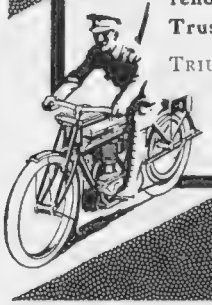
Solid Cowhide Case, £9 9 0

Of Harrods, Army & Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

Illus. Folder and name of nearest agent free on application to the Manufacturers—

THE DULCEPHONE CO., 34, WORSHIP STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

TRIUMPH



A name that is World renowned — the Trusty Triumph.

TRIUMPH CYCLE Co., Ltd., Coventry.

ANGLO-MEXICAN PETROLEUM CO. LTD.

Head Office:—

FINSBURY COURT, LONDON, E.C. 2.

THE MOTOR TRAINING INSTITUTE LTD.

10, Heddon St., Regent St., W.1.

AND

21a, Loudoun Rd., St. John's Wood.

Officially appointed by Royal Automobile Club since 1907.

PRINCIPAL:

L. M. WATERHOUSE M.I.E.E., M.I.A.E., A.M.I.C.E.

COMPLETE MOTORING INSTRUCTION.

Send for Prospectus No. 2, post free.

'STANDARD'

THE ALL BRITISH LIGHT CAR

THE STANDARD MOTOR Co LTD COVENTRY.

ZAIR'S

WHIPS, CANES &c.

From all Saddlers and Military Outfitters.

Write for Illustrated Price List of Whips, Sticks and Fly Whisks of every description.

C. & J. ZAIR, 115, Bishop St., Birmingham

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

utilitarian grounds. To level things up we should have entirely to stop horse-racing and switch the breeders over to the production of canned meat, socks for soldiers, or something equally foreign to them.

* *
*

A Notable Comparison

I REPEAT I do not want to stop horse-racing, for all a racehorse is a pretty useless animal and eats a great amount of good potential human food stuff. What interests me is the difference between the treatment handed out to the motor interest and the treatment handed out to the racehorse interest. Even more interesting is the difference between the attitudes adopted by each. Come to think of it, that difference *is* rather notable!

* *
*

Nerve Centres for "Reprisals"

IT is argued that reprisals for air raids are vain because we cannot strike at the nerve centre, Berlin. The German towns we can strike at are good enough to be going on with. The solar plexus may only be a local nerve centre, but you can paralyse the brain by getting one home on it. Essen and Cologne are local nerve centres which can be relied upon to act as paralysers of the brain of Berlin quite usefully.

* *
*

Concerning Reprisals

IT is also argued that we should leave aerial reprisals and protective operations to the naval and military commanders. Who else has had control? The trouble has been lack of co-ordination; a lack of incentive to undertake reprisals because of a lack of appreciation of the fact that the "front" is wherever the enemy attacks; and a lack of machines and pilots. There is also the military tendency to disregard the needs of the civilian population behind, due to being properly absorbed by concern for the armed enemy in front; but as it takes several civilians behind to keep one soldier in front, the fact that the enemy can pop over and make a mess on civilian territory becomes important.

"BLIGHTY"

Seen perched on the bonnet of a Buick Car, which has done excellent ambulance work in France, is the mascot of the women ambulance drivers of the American unit of the Army of Mercy

* *
*

The Civilian Incentive

THEREFORE the civilian commanders are entitled to make suitable representations to the military commanders. We have to hustle along more machines (and scrap the idiots who failed to appreciate their necessity), particularly machines of the right sort and not of the inefficient sort which caused the resignation or mismissal of men who refused to fly them; we must have a reserve equal to tackling the enemy machines which pop over; and we ought to have another reserve large enough to undertake reprisals on a nerve paralysing scale. Reprisals are inevitable anyway. You will see them being undertaken very soon despite the Archbishop; and the reason will be the incentive of the civilian population's demand.

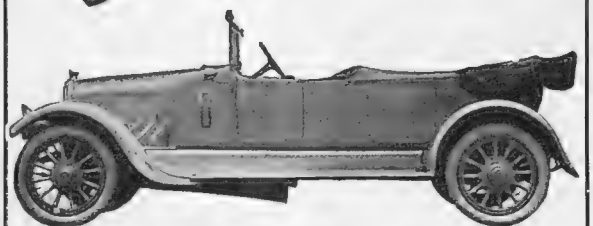
C.A.V. LAMP BULBS for Car Lighting, constructed upon the latest approved principles, give thoroughly efficient service, and are acknowledged by users to be the BEST. Price list post free.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co. (Ltd.), Acton, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

QUALITY in a Car

The element of quality in a car expresses itself in more ways than one. Not only in the mere matter of appearance, but on the more important point of performance. Here is where the Austin has always scored, and will score again after the war. Performance has always proved the efficiency of the Austin, and it is efficiency which bespeaks quality in material and workmanship. It is quality you want both in appearance and performance, therefore your after-war car MUST be an Austin 20. May we not add your name to the Priority List now?

Austin



THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LD.,
479-483, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.
Telephone: Mayfair 6230.
Telegrams: "Austinette Wesdo, London."
Works: Northfield, Birmingham.
Also at Manchester, Norwich, and Paris.

At Home or at the Front

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

COMPLETES THE EQUIPMENT.

In Three Strengths—
Mild, Medium and Full.

PER 8½ D. OZ.

Perfect Blend of Smoking Tobaccos. Gold Medal awarded, Edinburgh, 1886.

S258

Manufacturers of
'ORCHESTRA'
High-class Virginian Cigarettes.
Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

FEMINA

Woman's Little War Worries

CLOTHES AND CHARACTERS

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell

WOMAN is a good deal more troubled over her war-time clothing than she admits or appears to be.

There is the vital question of economy handicapping her choice, because above all things she wants to dress neatly and appropriately, and these are expensive conditions.

To dress-up is far cheaper and easier than to afford simplicity.

"Why not have a frock like So-and-So's?" is a masculine suggestion; "she looks all right without any fallals."

Quite so. The trimmings and extras are to hide the discrepancies of an indifferent dress bought at a sale, while the simple "frock" comes from a master-hand, with a long price attached to it.

It is all very well for a man to give the comforting reassurance, "I don't care in the least what you wear—it's what you are that matters!"

The two things are more inseparable than they seem; and, besides, he does care, if he minds about her at all.

He is not pleased at being made conspicuous when the woman at his side is somehow out of the picture; he glances askance at her, and reflects that she has gone off a good deal, or if she is a near relation, whose looks have ceased to interest him much, he merely wishes that she looked different, and—takes out somebody else.

A feminine woman likes to express herself suitably in her clothes, which are something more than a mere envelope to her. Her work, her hobby, her yearning for colour, her grey, quiet moods, her sense of the artistic or of the fitness of things, can all be demonstrated. She can enhance her good points into prettiness, or emphasise her bad ones into plainness.

Of course, women are all busy nowadays, and their garments must be suitable to their business; but there are certain social engagements for which other than working clothes are necessary, though even in these moderation is the best taste.

The idea that women dislike uniform is a fallacy, and in most of their new professions and callings a distinctive dress is universal, by their own desire, from the khaki of the Auxiliary Army Corps and the dark blue service garb of policewomen to the blouses and breeches of stable-girls, the "trews" of land-labourers, window-cleaners, and many others.

"The overall has come to stay"

But to meet the exigencies of more ordinary daily work coupled with social life, the overall is coming triumphantly to stay.

It was started by the pioneer of women librarians in her Worthing post; and it has spread to every sort of working centre, even invading departmental offices.

Colour and pattern, both unobtrusive, once decided upon, there is no room for eccentricity or extravagance. You can wear to your office a dress that is suitable for a private social engagement to which you are going later, and on arrival don the garment that covers it and fits your work.

Uniformity of hue and outline is not unpleasing to the eye of the masculine contingent, and is less disturbing to thoughts that should be concentrated on the subject in hand.

This is one remedy for dress-worry, and there are other prescriptions.

Take a firm mind and will with you when you go shopping, and do not be persuaded against either by a saleswoman whose idea of good business is to coerce you into buying something before you leave the shop—and who thereby often loses a future customer. Spend two-thirds of your money on your everyday things, and let the "best" clothes be a secondary consideration.

Get one new serviceable article instead of doing-up several old ones.

Keep, as a rule, to one shade and type of costume, which has a less arresting but more lasting effect.

A prominent woman in society who has constantly

(Continued on page 326)

CLOTHES AND CHARACTERS (concluded)

to open bazaars and take the lead in many ways, has made it a rule during the war to appear always in the same dress, simply made, harmonious in colouring, not without a touch of distinction, yet not suggestive of great expense. Someone asked her how she managed to look so fresh in it every time—just as if it were a new dress.

She smiled, and gave her secret away. "I have had four already," she confessed, "all made exactly alike. I shall have another very soon." She had found one solution for two riddles: how to advocate economy and how to assist her dressmaker to earn a living.

"It's the hat more often than the head that spells success," says an up-to-date milliner, who numbers many new *fiancées* among her clients, and there is a grain of truth in her assertion, for it needs a strong personality indeed to negative unbecoming headgear; and clothes are such tyrants that we find it easier to carry an enterprise through with a physical ache than with the depressing consciousness that we are looking our worst. Women can climb ladders these days with ease, and can get to the very top without losing their heads or their feet; but a "ladder" in a silk stocking is a defect that even the "invisible menders" cannot repair.

These clever *stoppeurs* who fill up a gaping rent in a coat or skirt, with threads drawn from the material itself, so marvellously that the patch cannot be detected, are growing to be a feature of London. They are all Belgian or French, and it is an object lesson in thrift to see them work.

War is rending our hearts, but we no longer find consolation in rending our garments; instead, we mend them, together with other customs and manners that should long ago have been as obsolete.

THE WHITE FUR COLLAR

is the outstanding feature which gives *éclat* to the coat-frock illustrated. Made as large and deep as a cape, of white fox fur, it is composed of three wide straps, converging at the front of the neck, and thrown out at the back like a monk's cowl. The coat-frock should be of a deep wine colour, with a small round hat, similar in tone, trimmed with white wings

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Big Strain on the Furriery World

It is no *façon de parler* that those who require to have furs made up or renovated must see about them at once, otherwise they will go without. Don't let there be any mistake that this is the old cry of "Wolf." It is nothing of the kind, but purely a question of labour; and it speaks volumes that the working of furs has practically been all in the hands of aliens, some friendly, others the reverse. In any case, only old men are left, and for once we women might be dead. Neither zeal nor deft fingers avail where the manipulating of furs is concerned, although I, who write, have a sneaking conviction that given a chance we might, perhaps, prove more useful than the lords of the peltry world imagine. Anyway, women are taboo at the moment, and the point I am endeavouring to press home is that there must be no dallying with the moment where furs are deemed a necessity.

White Fur to be a Fetish

Of course, it is absolutely wrong that it should be so just now, but who among us is going to be adamantine enough to resist the lure of tailless ermine, white fox, snow leopard, and the like. Apropos of white fox, we shall not for choice any longer rely on the whole skin animal. On the other hand, that exceedingly useful adjunct is not *démodé*, so anyone with such a possession may safely wear it. Should, however, a fresh purchase be in prospect, then would I gently, but firmly, lead to the consideration of a big cape-like collar, such as Noreen has illustrated. This affair is composed of three wide straps that converge toward the front, and it is worn by the *vraie élégante* thrown out at the back like a monk's cowl. What every woman will want this winter is a wine-coloured coat and skirt or coat-frock to wear with white furs.

Another way of utilising the same idea would be to try the effect of a collar faced over with tailless ermine, accompanied by a similar all-round muff and high-crown black silk hat, tied about with silver *galon* ribbon. As a stand-by for evening wear it will be well worth while indulging in something really smart and exclusive in the way of wrap-coats. For these there is no dearth of materials, *velour* cloths, Burella,

(continued on page 328)

YOUR HAIR
PERMANENTLY WAVED

by

MARCEL'S

will defy

SHAMPOOING, TURKISH BATHS or **SEA-BATHING.**

STRAIGHT HAIR IS A NUISANCE

This is because Marcel's, after many years of careful study, have perfected the method of permanently waving the hair to resist all conditions which in the ordinary way tend to give unsatisfactory results. The straightest hair can be permanently waved. Short hairs are made into small curls producing a perfect, natural effect. In fact, when waved by Marcel's it is impossible to tell that the hair is not naturally wavy. The hair does not look frizzy, as is so often the case when not properly treated.

FREE DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS

are given at Marcel's Salons to those ladies who care to call at any time, but if it is not convenient to call, there are inexpensive devices by which ladies may wave their own hair at home with just the same permanent effect. The outfits also produce quite natural and soft waves no matter whether you use the Marcel "Perm" Outfit for £2 10s., "Grand Perm B" Outfit for £3 15s., or the "Grand Perm A" Outfit for £5 5s. The only difference lies in increased simplicity of use with increased cost. We shall be delighted to send to any address copies of testimonials and full particulars of the MARCEL PERMANENT WAVING OUTFITS FOR HOME USE on receipt of the coupon at foot duly filled in.

COUPON

The Secretary, MARCEL'S PERMANENT, Ltd., 351, Oxford Street, London, W.

SIR,—Please send me full particulars of the inexpensive MARCEL HAIR-WAVE for HOME USE, for which I enclose a 1d. stamp.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"BYSTANDER," August 15, 1917.

Your Skin Needs Special Care just now.

These hot, dusty days are most trying to your complexion, unless you know the virtues of

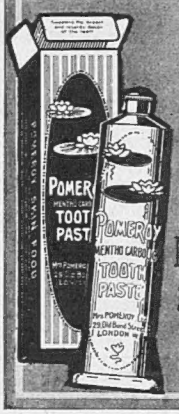
ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Start using it to-day and it will keep you delightfully cool. It will soothe and heal your skin, restore the freshness and velvety bloom of your complexion, remove quickly all traces of Sunburn, Redness, Tan and Freckles, and is really safe to use, no matter how delicate or tender your skin may have become through exposure to the hot sun or living in stuffy, hot rooms. It should be always used the last thing at night.

Sold in **2/3** and **4/6** bottles, by Stores, Chemists and ROWLANDS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

"And if she smile, why then –"
Why *then* observe the milky whiteness of her teeth–due to

Pomeroy
MENTHO-CARBOLIC
Tooth Paste



1/-
a tube
of Chemists & Perfumers

Mrs Pomeroy Ltd.
29, Old Bond St.
London W.

Our VALETRY service enables well-dressed men to ECONOMISE

FOR a small subscription we call weekly, fortnightly, or monthly for such of your clothes as are out of order. We remove spots, clean if necessary, do minor repairs, shape, press, and deliver to your home by our own motor vans.

This unique service greatly lengthens the life of your clothes, whilst ensuring a smart, well-dressed appearance always.

For 1 suit weekly **£7 0 0** per ann.
Do. fortnightly **£4 4 0**
Do. monthly **£2 8 0**
Less 5% yearly.
,, 2½% half,,
Overcoat or 3 pairs of trousers count as 1 suit.

BRITISH
Tailoring & Repairing Co
31 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.1

All kinds of alterations, repairs & turnings carried out by expert tailors. Estimate free on request

We collect and deliver free within ten miles of Charing Cross. Country Subscribers rail or post and we pay carriage back.

WHY KEEP USELESS JEWELLERY? WE GIVE HIGHEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR OLD GOLD, SILVER, DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, ETC. CASH OR OFFER PER RETURN OF POST. CALL OR WRITE. REPRESENTATIVES SENT UPON REQUEST.—SESSEL (BOURNE LTD.), 14 and 14a, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

"K" **BOOTS** are being worn by scores of thousands of British and Allied Officers and Men, who know a good boot when they get it.

In deference to the demand for National Economy the Manufacturers decline to issue flaunting Advertisements during War-time.

A WRINKLE TO CURE WRINKLES

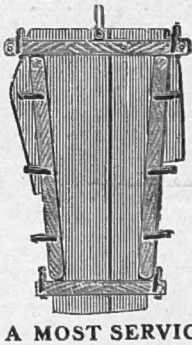
Use **Denova** Packed in dainty Doulton Pots.

Sent post free for **3/9.** Full instructions enclosed.
THE THAMES CHEMICAL CO., Ltd. (Dept. C).
12, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

REVOLUTION
in Trouser Presses

"More efficient than my heavy Press and infinitely more convenient," says a Naval Officer.

Bought by Hundreds of Officers.



THE **"ALPHA"** *(Pat.)* **PORTABLE CREASER AND STRETCHER**

5/6 *Post Free in U.K. France* **6d.** *extra.*

SAVES ITS COST OVER AND OVER.

Easily and rapidly fixed and removed. Hangs in wardrobe when in use. Weighs only 20 ozs. and can be tucked into corner of suit case.

A MOST SERVICEABLE GIFT.

Cross your Cheque or P.O.— "London City and Midland Bank."

MAY & Co. (Dept. 16), 3, Tudor St., London, E.C. 4

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

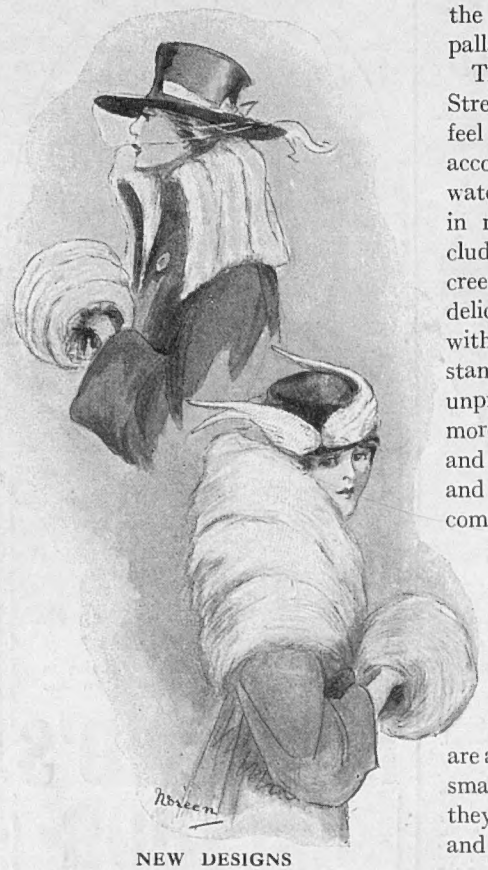
Veldette, etc.; while those who have reached the age when dignity and fine presence have to be considered will be interested to hear how one great authority in the *manteau* world is advocating Lyons velvet.

❀

Naval and Military Jewellery

THERE was a time—but does anyone remember it?—when Service *bijouterie* was rarely seen, and then only in the most costly expressions of enamel and precious stones. The feminine appendage of an officer in the Guards, perhaps, was so equipped, but gunners, sappers, and mere infantry men seldom raised their eyes to such supreme gift heights.

A three years' war, though, has changed all that, and to-day we are literally all over these insignia. During very early days the progressive verve of the Wilson and Gill firm were ready and waiting with these dainty gifts, to which they have never ceased to add. Their R.F.C. brooches are particularly choice in design and varied in expression. Thus one in solid 18ct. gold and enamel is obtainable at £2 15*s.*, a similar fancy with diamond monogram costing £5 15*s.*, while the moneyed can run up to an expenditure of £15 when the wings are encrusted with diamonds and the monogram is of the costly palladium.



NEW DESIGNS
In Hats and Fur Collars

The authorities at 139, Regent Street, have also every reason to feel satisfied over the appreciation accorded their Campaign wristlet watch. The Campaign has a screw-in movement that absolutely precludes all damp and dust from creeping in and disorganising the delicate mechanism. In solid silver with black luminous dial the price stands steady at £3 5*s.*, and is value unprecedented. Wilson and Gill, moreover, have their own special and exclusive productions in initial and military badge bracelets at a commencing price of 65*s.*, together with an identification disc locket and bracelet, adjuncts that have quite taken the place, among the commissioned ranks, anyway, of the old-time rough-and-ready metal disc slung round the neck. Our soldiers, bless them! are as delighted as children with these small vanities, more especially when they emanate from the right quarter and are of sterling quality.

❀

"Cravenette"

SO old and familiar a friend as "Cravenette" might, perchance, be slightly neglected by a fickle

(continued on page viii)

PERFECT FEATURES AND A BEAUTIFUL SKIN

are a modern necessity and essential to individual success and happiness

By a new scientific method, known as the Hystogen Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in a few minutes. The face after the treatment is years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, hollows in face and neck disappear, sagging face is lifted and the contour of your youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming, or paraffin injection. The Hystogen method has superseded all old time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face either the result of age or any other cause. One call and you leave without a trace of the former defects on your face.

Try this simple experiment and prove the truth underlying this new method. Stand in front of your mirror and, with the finger tips, smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

The following imperfections can be corrected permanently from within one hour. The treatment is absolutely painless and harmless, and does not leave any marks.

Ugly Frown Furrows	Baggy Chin	Flabby Neck
Mouth-to-Nose Lines	Fallen, Bulging Eyebrows	Sagging Cheeks or Face
Flabby, Wrinkled Eyelids	Hollow Cheeks	Projecting Ears
Crow's Feet Wrinkles	Imperfect Facial Contour	Drooping Mouth Corners
Warts, Red Veins, Moles	Sickly, Sallow Skin	Exaggerated Expression Furrows
Unsightly Noses — Saddle Nose, Turned-up-nose, &c.	Unrefined Complexion	Thin Arms, Elbows and Shoulders
Red Nose Blotches	Prominent Collar Bones	Large Pores, Freckles, &c.

Call or write for Dr. Willi's booklet—"Facial Perfection," Part 2 (sent sealed on receipt of 3d. for postage). Hours from 10 to 5. Saturday afternoon and Sunday by appointment.

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE,
17, Baker Street, London, W. 1. Established 1907.

"Cravenette" (Regd.)

THIS well-known and highly valued rubberless proof has the advantage of the time-test, infinitely more valuable than any word praise. It has never been in greater demand than at present, being as it is an efficient protection to the Officer, Red Cross Nurse, the Dispatch Rider or the Flying Man—in fact, to all when travelling, walking motoring, golfing, fishing, or when engaged in any outdoor exercise.

Now that everyone has to study economy, it is well to remember that garments bearing the "Cravenette" stamp will stand any amount of hard wear. Further, the ventilation is perfect, as "Cravenette" proofed cloths are porous.

"CRAVENETTE" Proofed FABRICS

keep the wearer *cool* in hot weather, *warm* in cold weather, and *dry* in wet weather.

"We don't want a taxi, we have our Cravenettes."

The **CRAVENETTE** Co., Ltd., affix their stamp only to such cloths as are suitable in quality for showerproof purposes, as facsimile below

This stamp, therefore is a guarantee of the quality of the material as well as of the weather-resisting properties.

"Cravenette" WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS for all occasions, obtainable in latest styles and newest materials from leading retailers.

If any difficulty write us and we will put you in touch with retailers who will supply you with the genuine article.

THE CRAVENETTE CO., Ltd.,
(Dept. 24), Well Street, Bradford.